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WHERE

to go

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

TODAY, Ash-Wednesday, opens a time of year when, by common consent, the wilder forms of entertainment are soft-pedalled. However there is plenty going on which will not cause the most fastidious conscience to prick. The musically-minded, for instance, are now welcoming the break-through of the orchestras. Leaving their home bases, these organizations range afar in mysterious strategic patterns, delighting strange audiences everywhere.

The Hallé in the course of its tour from Manchester will be in London, at the Royal Festival Hall, on 16 and 17 February, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic at Middlesbrough (19) and Newcastle (20), while the City of Birmingham penetrates as far as Bristol (18) and Oxford (26). But for sheer cheek give me gallant little Bournemouth Symphony, which will surely be able to cry "Snap!" with triumph after visiting Birmingham and Liverpool on the 19 and 20 respectively.

Frederick Ashton's new work *La Valse*, to Ravel's music, has its first performance in Britain at the Royal Ballet Gala for their Benevolent Fund at Covent Garden on

10 March, when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will be present. Also on the programme is Act III of *The Prince of the Pagodas*.

The West End theatrical scene this year offers an interesting field of solidly-bunched long-runners, with a few extremely dark horses darting in and out in a fanciful way. The latest from this front is the reversion of the Prince of Wales Theatre to twice-nightly revue with *Blue Magic* on 19 February, the engaging British musical *Chrysanthemum* (now there) moving to the Apollo to continue its promising career. Today the Old Vic starts a Molière "little season" with *Tartuffe* and *Sganarelle* in a double bill, and I cannot think of a more pleasant way of getting both kudos and entertainment than by going to see it.

English Rugby enthusiasts are already bracing themselves for the 28th, when England meet France at Twickenham. The team which so thoroughly scuppered Scotland last month sends a chill of apprehension ahead of it like a shock wave. Let us hope no splinters fly from the hearts of oak.

Finally an urgent whisper to lovesick swains and solid householders alike. Saturday is St. Valentine's Day. Forget it at your peril....



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(from recent contributions):

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Mlle. Elisabeth D. Thierry-Mieg to Mr. David J. B. Rutherford: She is the daughter of the late M. H. Thierry-Mieg, and of Mrs. D. Fraser, Iverna Court, W.8. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. B. Rutherford, Henley-on-Thames



Miss Gwyneth L. Guthrie to Mr. John R. W. Borland: She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Guthrie, Seafield Crescent, Ayr. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Borland, Hareshaw Lodge, Fenwick



Miss Susan Tessa Lewis to Mr. John Richard Warden: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Lewis, Long Eaton, Nottingham. He is the son of Col. & Mrs. George Warden, Bickley, near Bromley, Kent

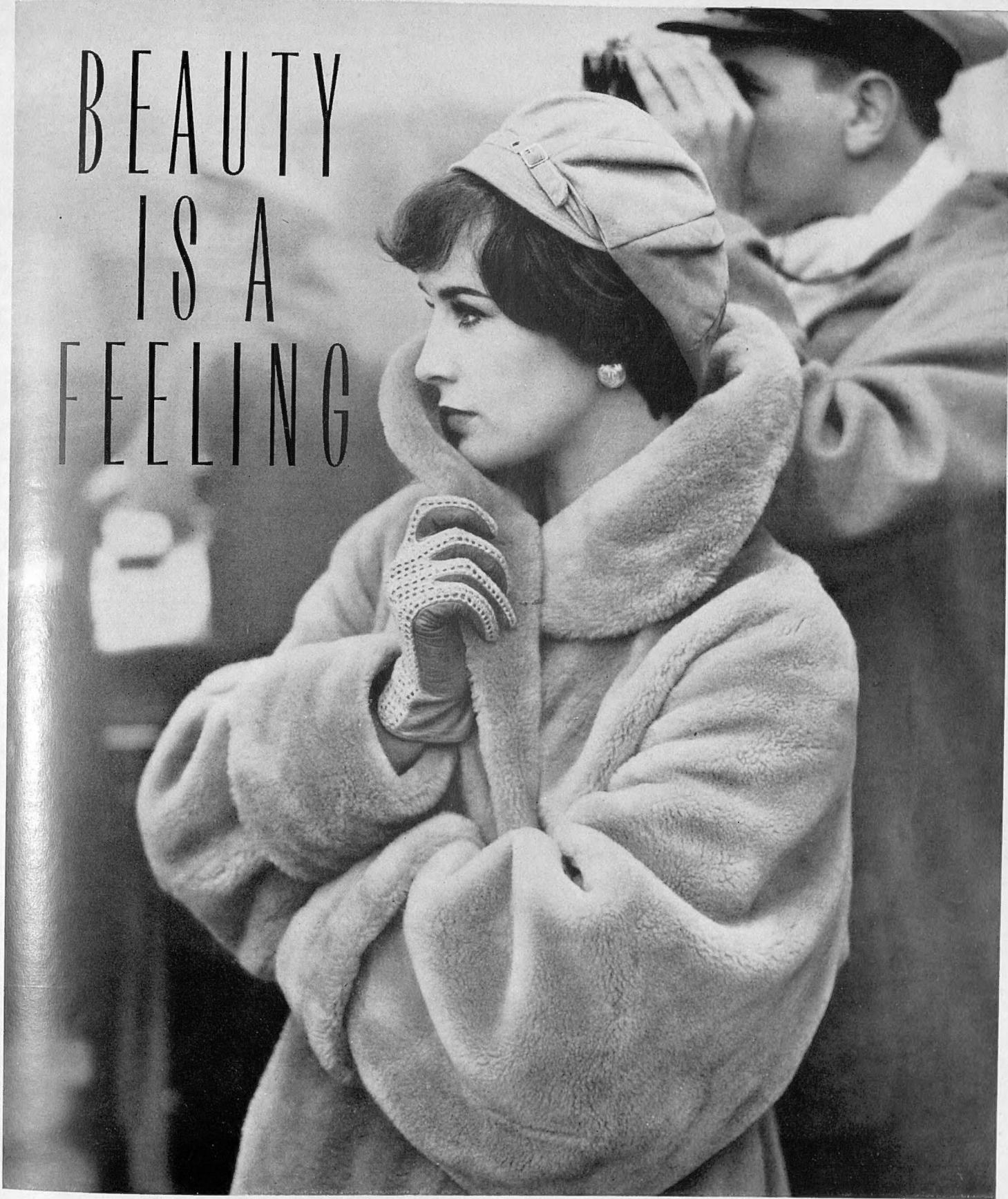


Miss Rosemary M. Moore to Capt. Graeme D. E. Lutyens-Humfrey, Glos, Regt. She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. H. T. Moore, Old Court, Newent, Glos. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Lutyens-Humfrey, Woodchester



Miss Gabrielle M. Woodgate to Mr. Richard G. Falkiner: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. Woodgate, Ledley House, Ebrington, Chipping Campden, Glos. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. G. L. Falkiner, Upper Berkeley St., W.I.

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Fraser—Russell: Miss Edith Stuart Fraser, twin daughter of Dr. & Mrs. N. Stuart Fraser, Edinburgh, married Mr. Peter J. S. Russell, elder son of the late Mr. Leonard J. Russell, & of Mrs. Russell, Edinburgh, at St. John's Church, Edinburgh



Trappes-Lomax—Wells: Miss Alice Mary Trappes-Lomax, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. B. C. Trappes-Lomax, Brooke House, Wortham, Diss, Norfolk, married Mr. John E. B. Wells, eldest son of His Honour Judge & Mrs. Bensley Wells, Hockmore House, Buckfastleigh, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Thetford



Laxton—Berington: Miss Patricia Mary Laxton, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. F. C. Laxton, Mapperley Park, Nottingham, married Mr. Thomas M. Berington, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. P. Berington, Wilton Street, S.W.1, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Brown—Drysdale: Miss Hilda M. H. Brown, daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Robert Charles Brown, married Mr. Ian G. Drysdale, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. J. Monteith Drysdale, at St. Andrew's Scots Church, Buenos Aires, Argentina



Pitchers—Eagger: Miss Heather M. Pitchers, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. T. Pitchers, Snell Parade, Durban, S.A., married Mr. Ian A. Eagger, son of Dr. & Mrs. A. A. Eagger, Bulstrode Way, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, at St. Paul's Church, Durban, South Africa



Middleton—Airey: Miss Rosemary Middleton, youngest daughter of Brig. & Mrs. A. A. Middleton, Rosefarm, Cromarty, Ross-shire, Scotland, married Mr. John A. Airey, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Airey, Larksgate, Bethia Road, Bournemouth, Hampshire, at St. Mary-Le-Tower Church, Ipswich, Suffolk



De Courcy—Armitage: Mrs. Anne De Courcy, daughter of Mrs. & the late Major J. L. M. Barrett, Barn Cottage, Barnsley, Cirencester, married Mr. Robert Armitage, son of General Sir Clement Armitage, Downington House, Lechlade, Glos, & of the late Mrs. Armitage, at Barnsley Church



Maitland—Bruce-Gardyne: Miss Sarah L. M. Maitland, daughter of Cdr. J. W. Maitland, M.P., & Mrs. Maitland, Harrington Hall, Spilsby, married Mr. Jock Bruce-Gardyne, son of Mrs. & the late Capt. E. Bruce-Gardyne, R.N., Middleton by Arbroath, Angus, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

The Royal Caledonian Curling Club's "Grand Match" on Loch Leven, was last held there in 1935. The Queen telegraphed good wishes for the start. To support the weight of players, stones and spectators, the ice must be at least six inches thick. The player (right) is Mr. D. W. Baxter, of Dundee.



SOCIAL JOURNAL

Party prelude to a royal tour

by JENNIFER



Vol. CCXXXI No. 3005

11 February 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: The Débutante Number, with Jennifer's authoritative list of the season's private dances, portraits of 1959 débütantes, and young fashions from the London Collections. Also Dorian Williams on Point-to-points

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INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 STRAND LONDON W.C.2 (TEMPLE BAR 5444)

THE DUCHESS OF KENT and Princess Alexandra leave today for South America, where the Duchess is making an official tour, visiting Brazil, Mexico and Chile. As a prelude a reception was given in honour of the Duchess and Princess Alexandra by the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Councils. They were greeted on arrival at Canning House by the president and the director-general (Viscount Davidson and Sir John Taylor) and were met upstairs by Viscountess Davidson, M.P., Lady Taylor and Lady Nelson. Owing to a business engagement Lady Nelson's husband Sir George Nelson, who is a vice-president, was unable to be present. Sir John Taylor is going with the tour, but not as a member of the Duchess's suite.

This party enabled the Duchess and her daughter to meet the Ambassadors and representatives of not only these four Latin-American nations, but of other countries in this part of the world which they unfortunately will not have time to visit.

When names are important

Mrs. Maria-Luiza Arnold, the lively and indefatigable social secretary of Canning House, has a fantastic memory for names. She took the Duchess round the room introducing the Ambassadors and their wives in strict protocol rotation. The first to be presented was the Uruguayan Ambassador and his attractive wife Mme. Quadros, then the Peruvian Ambassador and his beautiful wife Mme. Schreiber, also the dynamic Brazilian Ambassador Senhor Assis Chateau-

briand, the Chilean Chargé d'Affaires & Mme. Soto, and the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires & Mme. Parrodi (neither Ambassador of these two countries is here at present). The Venezuelan Ambassador unfortunately had influenza so his wife Mme. Dagnino was presented alone.

The Premier was there

Many members of the Cabinet came to the party, too, to give the royal ladies a good send-off for their tour. Among them were the Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan who were both in tremendous form, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Mr. Selwyn Lloyd who, only just having had his tonsils out, was suffering badly from the smoggy evening, and the President of the Board of Trade & the Hon. Lady Eccles who looked attractive wearing a white hat with her black dress.

The Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones was there with Lady Salisbury-Jones, also the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar & Lady Hoyer Millar, and Dr. G. H. S. Bushnell the eminent archaeologist. He sat on a sofa having a long talk to the Duchess of Kent who will be visiting famous ruins in Mexico and Peru.

A new envoy welcomed

Lord Dudley Gordon, the president, and Lady Dudley Gordon received the guests at a reception given by the Allied Circle in honour



Tom Hustler

ANDREW, six years,
son of Mr. & Mrs.
Paul Harker, The
Court Lodge,
Harrietsham, Kent



CARINA, 13 months,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
John Miles, Maleston,
Oxted, Surrey



Tom Hustler

JULIET (six years) &
RICHENDA (nine years)
daughters of Mr. &
Mrs. Peter Blandy,
Jubilee Place, S.W.3

of the recently appointed Netherlands Ambassador & Baroness Bentinck (they made many friends in London when he was Minister Plenipotentiary here at the end of the war).

Among guests who came to greet them were the French Ambassador M. Chauvel, the Belgian Ambassador & Mme. van Meerbeke (who had a similar party given in their honour here when they arrived), Major-General B. M. Hoffmeister the Agent-General for British Columbia, the Mayor of Westminster & Mrs. Cobbold, and Sir John Rothenstein who was talking to the lovely Duchess of Buccleuch; she is shortly off to stay with the former U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldridge on their yacht and will visit the Bahamas on her return journey.

A hunting accident

She told me that her elder daughter the Duchess of Northumberland (who like her mother is beautiful) recently broke her neck in a hunting accident. Happily she is recovering well, but will have to wear a plaster and steel collar for several months.

Sir Nevile & Lady Bland were at this enjoyable party, also Mrs. McNeil Robertson the organizing vice-chairman and founder of the Allied Circle, Princess Sapieha (an active member of the committee), the Earl of Albemarle, Sir James Mann the brilliant director of the Wallace Collection, Mr. & Mrs.

Vane Ivanovic and Mr. Tahu Hole of the B.B.C., who told me that around half-a-million words of news are sifted through each day for the bulletins which have become such a feature of our daily lives.

Celebrating a birthday

From here I went on to a most delightful reception given at Claridge's by the Luxembourg Ambassador & Mme. Clasen to celebrate the birthday of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. The Clasens are a popular couple with many friends here, and always give amusing parties. Among their colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps I met the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino (also a charming couple), the Lebanese Ambassador and his good-looking wife Mme. El-Ahdab, the Moroccan Ambassador & Princess Fatima Zahara who were talking with Mrs. Maria-Luiza Arnold and Admiral & Mrs. Patrick McLoughlin, the Philippine Ambassador & Mme. Guerrero, and the High Commissioner for Ontario and Mrs. J. S. P. Armstrong who were chatting with Viscount & Viscountess Vaughan.

I also met Lord & Lady Claud Hamilton, who were on their way to see the musical *West Side Story*, Mrs. Alistair Cameron talking to Sir Thomas & Lady Cook who were down from Norfolk for a few days, Mrs. Catherine Bray just back from St. Moritz, Lady Illingworth, Mr. & Mrs.

Terence Maxwell, Sir Jocelyn Lucas (already planning parties for visiting cricketing teams from the Commonwealth next summer), General & the Rani Shanker, Brigadier Denis Fitzgerald, and the Dowager Lady Swaythling who was in conversation with the Japanese Ambassador.

A test of chic

Later on I went on to the Saville Theatre for the first night there of *Valmouth*, the new musical by Sandy Wilson from the novel by Ronald Firbank. I much enjoyed it, and look forward to seeing it again. I was amazed and amused at the number of people who had already seen *Valmouth* 10 times or more when it was at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and Brighton. In fact in the interval I was reproached by Mr. Peter Coats (who had seen it several times and was accompanied by a friend who had seen eight performances) for lacking chic in not claiming to have seen *Valmouth* before!

Also in the audience that night were Gwen Lady Melchett, Mrs. John Ward accompanied by Mr. John Cavanagh, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Lord & Lady Gifford and actresses Irene Browne and Dorothy Ward.

Northern treasure

I went to an evening reception at the Victoria & Albert Museum to celebrate the opening of the exhibition of Norwegian art



COLIN & PETER
(six months), twin
sons of Dr. & Mrs.
John Daff,
Sandringham Gardens,
N.8

Foto-Fare



Barry Swaebe

JANE (eight months),
& FIONA (four
years), daughters of
Lt.-Col. & Mrs.
H. C. Walker, New
Place, Finchamp-
stead, Berks

treasures which are being shown there until March. They represent 900 years of textiles, sculpture and silver. There are some interesting and lovely tapestries, one dating back to about 1180 from Baldishol Church, Hedmark. Among the beautiful pieces of old silver is a graceful Welcome-Cup dating to about 1704, by J. Reimers fils, the master silversmith of Bergen at that time.

The Norwegian Ambassador & Madame Prebensen were among those at the opening, also Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, Mr. & Mrs. Rolf Thoresen, Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, Mr. & Mrs. Christian Krefting, Mr. Carl Hambro (Cultural Attaché at the Norwegian Embassy), Dr. Thor Kielland, director and chairman of the Kunstdistriktsmuseet in Oslo, and Mrs. Kielland.

The Queen to see *Gigi*

Mrs. Eric Penn and Viscountess Sandon were joint-hostesses at an after-dinner "coffee and cognac At Home" in Belgrave Square when friends heard details of a special performance of the film *Gigi* (by kind permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures and Columbia Pictures Corporation) to be given in aid of the Family Welfare Association. The Queen has graciously consented to attend this special performance which takes place on 2 March in the new

Columbia Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue. This theatre is quite a small one, with less than 800 seats, so that the Queen will not be sitting (as at some charity performances) up in the Royal Circle, out of sight of many present.

Mrs. Penn (who is joint-chairman of the special performance with Viscountess Sandon) presided at the party. She said that as we all know by now, *Gigi* is one of the best and gayest films, with enchanting music, that London has seen for a long time; she had no need to boost the picture, but asked everyone to come along on 2 March (when incidentally men can wear black ties) to see the film and help the Association.

Mary Duchess of Devonshire and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills (who are president and vice-president) were among friends at this party, also Viscount Sandon, Colonel & Mrs. Gerard Leigh; he had only arrived back that evening from visiting the Household Cavalry in Aden; Lieut-Colonel Eric Penn, Mr. Nigel & Lady Frances Pearson, and Mrs. Ivor Crosthwaite.

Tickets range in price from one guinea to 21 guineas and can be obtained from Mrs. Eric Penn or Viscountess Sandon at the F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

A wedding "studio party"

Diana Lady Avebury and Mr. Charles Fletcher-Cooke, Q.C., M.P., sent out joint

invitations to their friends for a cocktail party to celebrate their marriage earlier that day. This took place in the bride's charming garden flat in Ladbroke Road where the large, lofty living room was once the studio of the late Edmund Dulac. It was an original idea that the celebration was divided into two parts; their political and legal friends came at cocktail time and their literary friends after dinner (the bride works for Heinemann, the publishers).

Friends from the House

I went to the earlier party and among the guests then were Mr. "Rab" Butler the Home Secretary, Major Tufton Beamish, M.P. for Lewes, and his lovely American-born wife who was in blue, Mrs. Iain MacLeod wife of the Minister of Labour, whose husband could not get along to the party, Mrs. Dingle Foot, wife of the M.P. for Ipswich, who also came alone as her husband had gone to Africa on a business trip, and Mr. & Mrs. Julian Amery.

I also met Lord Dunboyne, who like the bridegroom is a barrister, Sir Bernard & the Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen, Sir John & the Hon. Lady Chichester and her mother the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Jackson, and Lady Wardington who is a dear friend of the bride's.

Lady Davidson remembers

The M.P. for Hemel Hempstead, Viscountess Davidson, was recently the guest of honour at a luncheon at the American Women's Club in Queen's Gate. After luncheon she gave an interesting talk on her long association with the House of Commons (she is retiring at the next general election), which dates back to soon after her marriage in 1919, as her husband became the M.P. for Hemel Hempstead in 1920. When he retired on going to the House of Lords in 1937, Lady Davidson took on his constituency and has held it ever since (at one general election she was the only woman Conservative returned).

Mrs. Thompson-Schwab, president of the club, presided, and among those at the luncheon were the Hon. Audrey Pauncefote, Mrs. Hallinan who proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Davidson, Mrs. L. C. Bergquist (chairman of the reception committee), Mrs. Norman Wilton, Mrs. Seton Veitch, Mrs. Eaton Ostle, Miss Frances Gore who is a clever artist, and Mrs. Hayward, the club's efficient secretary.

Fashion pre-viewers

Hardy Amies invited a small number of friends to a cocktail party and a pre-view of his spring and summer collection. It included some exceptionally pretty evening dresses and a number for débutantes. Among those looking at the collection were the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, the Hon. Katharine Smith, the Hon. Lady Lowson who is shortly off with her husband to stay with friends in Florida, Mr. & Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, Mr. & Mrs. Graham Bailey, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster, Viscountess Jellicoe, Mrs. Ian Fleming (wearing a white cossack hat with her black dress), and Princess Radziwill.



Lady Illingworth. Her home at No. 44 is the only remaining private house in Grosvenor Square. The reception was in honour of the birthday of Luxembourg's Grand Duchess



Author Miss Rosie Newman with Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Luxembourg Society



M. Clasen, the Luxembourg Ambassador, with Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador here



Luxembourg Reception held at Claridge's



Sir John Woodhead (an ex-Governor of Bengal) with Major-General J. S. Dhillon, Indian Army (he is on an Imperial Defence College course)



The Lord Mayor of London (Sir Harold Gillett), Mr. M. S. Sundaram (education adviser at India House) and Mrs. M. K. Hussain



Cdr. G. G. R. Rodd (he lives in Italy) and Lady (Walter) Monckton



India Day Reception held at India House

Mme. Pandit, High Commissioner for India, welcoming the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, M. Aleksei Roschin

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



The acting N
Commissioner
Lake



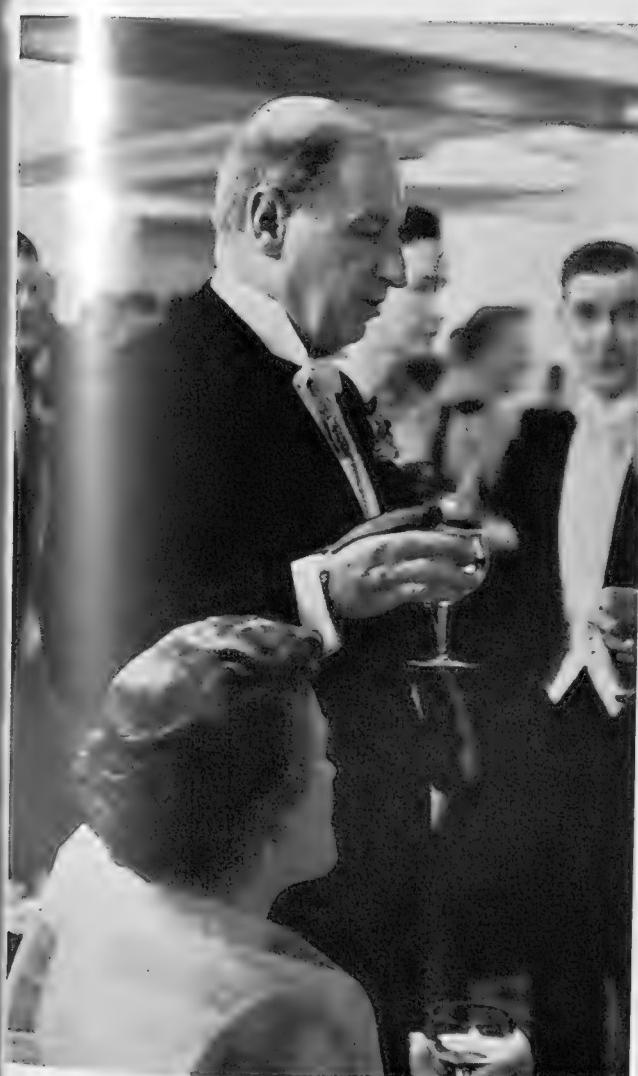
Sir Denys Lowson, Bt., with the
Italian Ambassador, Count
Vittorio Zoppi



The acting Agent-General for
Victoria, Mr. N. T. Howard,
with his wife



The Apostolic Delegate to
Great Britain, Archbishop G.
O'Hara



Sir Colin Anderson (chairman of the Australia Club which gave the dinner) with Sir David & the Hon. Lady Eccles (Sir David was principal guest)

Left: Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Portal of
Hungerford with his wife

BROMPTON ORATORY WEDDING

*For Mr. John Chancellor
and the Hon. Alice Jolliffe*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER
AT DOROTHY WILDING STUDIOS

*Interior view of Brompton Oratory
during the ceremony*



Above: Bridesmaids Cecilia, Clare, Rachel and Sarah Toynbee. Below: The bride. She is the only daughter of Lord & Lady Hylton, Ammerdown, Radstock, Somerset



The bridegroom's parents, Sir Christopher & Lady Chancellor. He is general manager of Reuters



Father Aelred Watkin, O.S.B. (he officiated at the ceremony), with Mr. Anthony Jenning



Miss Suna Portman wore black stockings with her royal blue sack dress





The bride and bridegroom leave for a honeymoon in Mexico

Sir William Hayter and Viscount Hailsham
(chairman of the Conservative Party organization)

Miss Waugh was another of
the guests



Mr. Alexander Chancellor, brother of the
bridegroom, was the best man



Miss Lola Wigan (she was a débutante last
year) with Mr. Ben Whittaker



Professor Brooke with his son Francis,
a godson of the bridegroom

*The Hampshire at the
Guild Hall, Winchester*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE

AT THE HUNT BALLS

*The South Shropshire at
Netley Hall, Shrewsbury*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. C. PALMER



Mrs. R. B. Lepine-Powell and Mrs.
R. H. Hilton Jones (wife of the
secretary of the Shropshire Beagles)



Mrs. K. R. Fagan (she is the Master of
the South Shropshire) and Major P.
Gill, a member of the Hunt committee

Miss Catherine Wild and Miss Ann
Hodgson of the South Staffs Hunt



Mrs. John Floyd (chairman of the
Hampshire Hunt Ball) with her
husband



Mr. G. Kindersley, the well-known
amateur jockey, with
Mrs. Kindersley



Mr. Kenneth Beeston (Master of the South
Staffs; he lives at Netley Hall) with
his wife and Capt. R. W. Corbett



*The Fernie at Langton
Hall, Market Harborough*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE



Stockbroker Mr. John Haslem, wearing the woollen waistcoat he won, dancing with the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Elton



Mrs. David Wilkins with
Sir Thomas Weld



Mr. Philip Bryant with Countess Svea Oeynhausen (her home is at Bad Driburg, Westphalia)



Mr. Robert Spencer (the dance was held at his home) with Col. & Mrs. J. D. Hignett. He is Hunt chairman



The Hon. David Nall-Cain and
Mrs. Edmund Brudenell with
Lord Crashaw



Mr. Michael Thomas gives a tombola prize to Viscount Stormont, watched by Miss Carina Boyle and Viscountess Stormont



Col. Peter Hughes (a Leicester farmer)
and Mr. R. W. B. Newton, of
Kibworth



PATRON Swedish soprano Birgit Nilsen will replace Maria Callas at New York's Metropolitan Opera next season. Miss Nilsen owes her start in opera to the King & Queen of Sweden who financed her studies and she will appear with the Stockholm Royal Opera at this year's Edinburgh Festival. Her performance in *Turandot* recently won her an ovation at La Scala, Milan

PICTURES Miss Katharine Baker (*left*) organized the Pictures for Schools exhibition now at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. The pictures and other exhibits can only be sold to educational bodies or for presentation to such organizations. Schoolchildren visiting the exhibition may vote for their favourite. The children shown are from Sheen Grammar School, the City of London School for Girls and the Raine's Foundation School

PRINCIPAL Mr. Edric Cundell, who once improvised a cello from petro-tins and boxes, is retiring soon after 21 years as principal of the Guildhall School of Music & Drama. Mr. Cundell, who made his emergency cello during World War One in a Balkan dugout, hopes now to fulfil a 20-year-old ambition to write a string quartet. He is married to Helina Cundell, the sculptress



NEWS PORTRAITS

Alan Vines





Ida Kar





interviews

HUMPHREY BROOKE

SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

MONICA FURLONG reports: I met Mr. Brooke in a room overlooking the Academy forecourt, a high, early-18th-century room, with dull red walls, and furnished with chairs taken from the Academy's first home at Somerset House. He had just concluded a conversation in German with two Russian art experts, and had dealt with a visitor taking unauthorized photographs in the galleries. . . .

Mr. Brooke, like many outsiders I am puzzled by the organization and purpose of the Royal Academy and would be glad if you could explain to me how it is constituted and how it works.

Brooke: Yes, most people have a lot of wrong ideas about us. The important things to know are that since it started in 1768 it has been run entirely by artists, and that it has always been completely self-supporting.

But you yourself are not an artist?

Brooke: No. Since 1873 it has been the custom to appoint a lay secretary, and I am

the third to hold the office. You can see that we don't come and go very quickly. But the other three officers, the president, the keeper, and the treasurer, are all artists and have to be re-elected at frequent intervals. In addition there are 40 Academicians and 30 Associates. The business of the Academy is conducted yearly by a Council of 12 (half of whom change each year), but all their decisions have to be referred to the General Assembly of the Academy. The assemblies are often very stormy meetings. That's one of the nice things about the Academy—it's thoroughly democratic—and everyone insists on saying what he thinks, usually pretty forcibly. No dictator could ever get hold of the Academy.

You mentioned the Academy was self-supporting. Does that mean you don't receive any grants from organizations like the Arts Council?

Brooke: Not a penny.

Where does your income come from?

Brooke: Entirely from our exhibitions. Over the years we have become expert in the art of making exhibitions pay. We have to make them pay and so they do. If we existed on Government money there would be the feeling that it didn't matter if we made a loss, and we shouldn't try so hard. Some years we do make a loss, but so far the good years have cancelled out the bad, and some of the exhibitions—the King's Pictures, for example—have made an outstanding financial success. Roughly speaking in most years we make about as much profit on our exhibitions as the Arts Council make a loss on theirs.

But what is the secret of making art exhibitions a financial success? How is it you can do it and others can't?

Brooke: By working very hard with a small and devoted staff, all of whom give a lot of thought to the running of exhibitions. One of our staff, for instance, thought of the idea of having catalogues to hire to the public at a charge of 6d. or 1s. each in addition to ones for sale. This has been enormously appreciated by the public and is saving us pounds in printing expenses as it was impossible to make much profit on selling them. Now we can hire the same ones out again and again.

But can your exhibition profits continue to cover all your costs? Piccadilly must be an expensive site from the rating point of view.

Brooke: We are saved a good deal on rates by the fact that we are so far back from the road. And also, of course, we have the benefit of being rated as a charity. Even so our rates are now £8,000, an increase of £3,500 since I became secretary in 1951.

To an organization less prosperous than yourselves. . . .

Brooke: I don't like that word "prosperous." Any more than I like newspaper reports hinting that we are going broke. Let us say that we can keep our heads above

continued on page 257



MR. HUMPHREY BROOKE.
He has been secretary of
the R.A. since 1951

Howard Coster



HUNTING *round the world*

MURIEL BOWEN (seen on right with the late King Feisal at a meet in Baghdad) has hunted on five continents. She reports her experiences:



C. C. Fennell
The Hon. Diana Carew, new joint-Master of the North Kildare Hunt is, at 18, the world's youngest M.F.H. Miss Carew is the daughter of Lord & Lady Carew of Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare

FOXHUNTING in Virginia is easy. You will only have to scramble over chicken coops," said my American friends in London. So it was without a worry that I set out for a meet of the Blue Ridge foxhounds. All was well until the first chicken coop—a black timber affair with sides that jutted out like the roof of a submerged house. Firethorn, the horse lent me by the Master, Mr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, was suspicious of it. After an almighty snort he landed us both in what felt like the next parish. I was sitting bang up behind his ears. But being the perfect horse for a lady he did what was expected of him. He threw up his head, putting me snugly back in the saddle again. That chicken coop! It could have stopped a Churchill tank.

A man wearing dark spectacles and riding

NEW ZEALAND: Crowds such as this are typical at meets there. This one is a children's meet of the Waikato. The Baghdad meet (below) is of the Royal Harrithiyah Hunt



a good-looking chestnut apologized for a slight collision we had. "I'm practically 80 per cent blind," he said. "I see shadows. Sometimes they turn out to be a fence, sometimes they don't. But I don't have to worry overmuch; my horse just follows his stable companion. I hope you will forgive us if we are sometimes a nuisance."

A new country, a never-seen-before horse, ground like iron, few dollars, and the National Health Service no nearer than 3,000 miles—it was all beginning to bring me cold shivers where I like them least. It was good to get off Firethorn at the end of the day—still in one piece. That was the end of 1955. I was soon to discover that hunting in faraway places means taking a lot more than chicken coops in your stride.

continued overleaf

American foxhunting today ranks with the best in the world. Mr. Edward Voss's Elkridge-Harfard hounds in Maryland, the Piedmont in Virginia, and Mr. Stewart's Cheshire hounds in Pennsylvania all show sport as good as the Quorn or the Duke of Beaufort's at their best.

American hunting pulsates with all the briskness and efficiency of the New World. Everything is done to obtain positive results, and modern inventions, expected to be the death of hunting, are made to work to everybody's advantage. In Pennsylvania I came across a hunt that feeds foxes steak in the summer in order to build up their stamina for the winter! Some masters use their private planes to get to meets. Mr. Tim Durant, the Master of the Smithstown, is one. To go from his home north of New York to the country he hunts south of the city would take him seven hours by car. By air it's a mere hop of 35 minutes. The hunt staff bring his horse and hounds to the airport to meet him and he rides on from there.

From the United States I hunted in Canada, then in Iraq, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and Kenya. Lady Eaton suggested that I go to Canada for the opening meet of the Toronto & North York. "You will find us all looking our best at the opening meet," she wrote. It sounded as if the Canadians were very English—and so they were, with just a leavening of Scots.

Lady Eaton, who was my hostess at her exquisite château perched high above a lake, is a wonderful person. It was not until she reached middle age that she took up riding,

coming over here to take lessons from Major Faudel-Phillips at Waltham Cross. On her return she became Master of the Toronto & North York, the only pack in Canada to hunt foxes, taking over from her son. That was 20 years ago, and she has been Master or joint-Master ever since.

There must have been 70 riders, two-thirds of them in scarlet. I was told that the joint-Masters had no qualms about telling a young man that he should wear scarlet as soon as he could afford it. The result was a wonderful splash of colour against the backdrop of the russet-tinted Ontario woods.

My horse for the day was Chestnut Charlie, star of the Elder stud. "You should not have put me on such a valuable horse," I protested to Jim Elder, the joint-Master's son (he won a bronze medal for Canada in the Three-Day team at the last Olympics). "Don't worry," he said, "we're not going into our biggest country today, but I think you'll need him." I thought I had achieved the ultimate in getting over estate railings when I followed Mr. Marcus Kimball, M.P., over a 4 ft. 6 in. one, a dip on the take-off, one awful wet Saturday with the Cottesmore. But the Canadian railings were worse—and there were more of them. Thanks to Chestnut Charlie I can now look back on them with relish. But I should not have cared to have known about them in advance!

Hunting in the United States had finished several weeks when I flew to Baghdad at the end of March. I had known of the Royal Harrthiyah as the last of three packs still hunting foxes in Asia, but I had expected

their season to have ended. Within a few hours of my arrival there was a telephone call from the late Crown Prince Abdul Illah's office. The voice at the other end said: "His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, commands me to say that you will be very welcome to hunt with the Royal Harrthiyah hounds tomorrow. An Arab stallion will await you at the meet."

Little did we realize as we set off from the meet at the Royal Military Engineering College (about 80 riders of a score of nationalities) the tragic events that were to overtake the royal family of Iraq within the brief space of a few months. The late King Feisal and the Crown Prince were both there, but they didn't ride. It was their last hunt before they were murdered.

We galloped over expanses of sun-baked desert in almost Turkish-bath heat of 91 degrees. But nobody seemed to give a hoot about the heat; the hunt was all that mattered. Such differences as there were in dress (compared with England)—the flowing, waist-length yellow silk headdresses worn by the hunt staff—were more a concession to local tradition than to the weather. As well as the riders there were hordes of children. They wore "Dishdashas," a sort of nightshirt reaching to their heels and they ran along with us for as long as they could keep up.

There wasn't much to jump. Quite the worst of the obstacles were the irrigation ditches, narrow Irish-type banks with a few feet of water between each pair of them. One or other of the banks sometimes gave way beneath the weight of the horse. This, however, was not so alarming as it sounds, as a detachment of Iraqi cavalry brought up the rear for the purpose of restoring loose horses to their fallen riders.

Mr. Philip Hirst, the English Master, who is a Baghdad architect, showed us a fine day's sport under most difficult conditions. We had a short hunt after a desert fox, then two good bursts after jackal hounds, bringing down both.

Then on to India, where the season had finished and where its most enthusiastic supporters said that hunting is near finished, too. After this it was good to enjoy the bustle and the excitement of a day in New Zealand. Probably nowhere in the world is hunting in such a flourishing condition, with numerous packs and people of all ages hunting. But the big surprise was to see so many men under 35.

I hand it to the members of the Waikato Hunt. Nothing stops them. Because some of the fences are of barbed wire mounted on



SOUTH AFRICA: *The Cape Hunt is the oldest in the Commonwealth, and the riders here are seen against the background of Table Mountain.*

Right, AMERICA: *These signs mark the territory of Ohio's Chagrin Valley Hunt*

AMERICA: *Mrs. H. Linn of Chicago hunts six days a week—has hunted at Melton Mowbray*





KENYA: Mr. James P. Ryan, joint-Master of the Molo hounds, parades past the Governor's box at the Nakuru Horse Show

concrete posts, hunting with the Waikato involves great physical risks. But I got the impression that just because of this everybody enjoys himself so much the better.

I asked Mr. E. W. Brown, the Master, how he managed to keep such a keen field in check. "I gave up shouting, 'Hold Hard!' years ago," he said. "Now I rely on good scent and fast hounds!"

The 1,500 mile flight to Australia resulted in seeing yet another facet of hunting. Whereas New Zealand has no foxes (only hares), Australia has an abundance of foxes as big as dogs. But hunting in Australia has few supporters. "Fewer subscriptions every year and fewer followers," said Mr. A. R. Creswick, master of Australia's sole foxhound pack, the Melbourne. "When I was a boy, all trains were stopped in order to let the hunt train through . . . it seems like a very long time ago."

IRAQ: U.S. Marine Lt.-Col. F. M. Johnson, Jr. helps his Arab stallion out of a ditch



Members of the Cape Hunt in South Africa told a similar story of lack of support. In fact the field consisted of me! "But we're determined to carry on for as long as we can," said the Master, Mr. Jerauld Wilks, who has taken the trouble to breed a good-looking pack of hounds. "We were founded in about 1815 by an ancestor of the Duke of Beaufort's. We're the oldest hunt in the British Empire outside of England."

Further north in Kenya I found hunting in a flourishing condition, despite the long emergency period. There are a number of packs carrying on in great style with full adherence to tradition. The Molo, with Mr. James P. Ryan (a cousin of Thady who runs the famous Searteen in Ireland) and Col. Bucknell as joint-Masters, puts up a fine show hunting stags in the White Highlands. Then there is the Limuru, on the outskirts of Nairobi, a smart turnout of

which Col. R. B. Barcroft is Master, and the Tortoni of which Dr. Roger Bowles (brother of Mr. Frank Bowles, Labour M.P. for Nuneaton) is joint-Master.

I found hunting in Kenya in full swing in July with the cry of hounds to be heard for miles along the Equator. Strangely it was not unbearably hot, though one hunt takes advantage of the coolest part of the day with regular meets at 6 a.m. Nobody was able to tell me how many followers they have!

Hunting in Kenya must be the cheapest in the world. I found annual subscriptions of £5 per family acceptable—though, needless to say, more is always welcome. I asked Mr. Ryan if his hunt is ever troubled by Kenya's wild animals. "Just occasionally," he said. "A couple of years ago we met an elephant face to face, and he started to charge at 30 miles an hour. But fortunately it was in the opposite direction!"

AMERICA: Young riders follow the Potomac Hunt, the nearest to Washington D.C.



AUSTRALIA: The huntsman of the Melbourne Hounds clears a typical Australian hazard





controversy

ART OR LEG PULL?

Lucio Fontana, arch-priest of Spazialismo, at work in his studio. The movement began in Italy as a result of a manifesto he wrote in 1946. Fontana is a sculptor and ceramic artist as well as a painter



CRITIC LAWRENCE ALLOWAY, seen in front of a painting by his wife Sylvia, writes:

Fontana is an artist who has not received proper recognition . . . he is also a most important painter with a sense of materials that is both spectacular and disciplined . . . holes in pictures are usually a sign of ruin but the patterns of holes in Fontana's are formally purposeful, like a code. The format of his painting is resolutely simple which works for him because of his razor-fine feeling for the siting of forms and their edge-relations 99

Holes punched in the canvas
are the best device in abstract
painting—and endorsed by a
current exhibition at the
Institute of Contemporary Arts

by ALAN ROBERTS

I PUT a canvas on my easel and, shutting my eyes, quickly covered it with a thin coat of black paint from a well-filled decorator's brush. Then, holding an artist's brush in my hand like a dagger and shutting my eyes again, I stabbed the canvas with the handle a score of times, tracing a rough geometric shape with the holes. Just for a little variety I stabbed it a dozen times from the back as well so that the torn edges projected slightly beyond the paint surface. Next, I laid the canvas on the floor and let fall upon it a number of fragments of broken pottery and china, white, yellow, red, blue and green. I pushed the pieces around a little, until they formed a vaguely whirling pattern, and stuck them in place with a little glue. Then I stood back and admired my work.

It was my first effort as a Spatialist painter and it seemed—and still seems—to me in no way inferior to the "pictures" by Lucio Fontana, the founder of Spatialism, now being shown at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London's Dover Street.

Fontana first expounded his ideas about Spazialismo way back in 1946 in a manifesto which inspired the formation of a group of Milanese artists interested in discovering, exploring and clarifying the links between art and science, but not until now has London had the chance

of seeing the products of this group in any criticizable number.

In times when hardly a week passes without the announcement of some astonishing new scientific development, it is inevitable and right that artists should respond to such events. Painting must not, and cannot, shut itself up in a progress-proof tower whose turret is in the clouds and whose foundations are in Burlington House.

Artists can do much to awaken in laymen a heightened awareness of the tremendous changes that are going on around them. But all their manifestoes, statements and declarations are just junk unless the painting they inspire is intelligible to the intelligent.

Graham Sutherland, himself not the easiest of artists, said recently: "Art should explain itself immediately or ultimately." I would like to agree with him but I wish he had not said "ultimately," it could be such a long, long time and might well, in the case of artists like the Spazialismos, be interpreted as "Doomsday."

Certainly I could look at Fontana's eight pictures in this show—all of them titled "Spatial Concept"—until Doomsday without finding in them any link with either art or science. His one-time followers, Roberto Crippa and Giani

continued overleaf



Graham Sutherland—no stranger to controversy—has taken the view that “art should explain itself immediately or ultimately.” But for the layman the burning question on Spazialismo probably remains: “What is it?”

Dova, who share the show, both however make some obvious concessions to the movement’s Atom Age tenets. Crippa’s disciplined scribbles frequently resemble popular nuclear symbols, Dova’s paint—poured on the canvas from cans—trickles, flows and coagulates to form marble patterns that suggest (to the manifesto-conditioned viewer) the aftermath of some violent disruption of the earth’s core.

Not surprisingly these two painters have now seceded from the Spatialist movement and left Fontana carrying the flag alone—for the time being. But soon he is certain to collect a new enthusiastic following from students of the Royal College of Art; in the next issue of whose magazine *Ark* his manifesto is being published.

For, although when I look at his work I feel an insistent pulling sensation at my

leg, Fontana is not without influential champions in this country. For instance, Mr. Lawrence Alloway, art critic, lecturer, and assistant director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, believes he is a most important painter who deserves greater recognition.

Those holes in Fontana’s canvases, expert Alloway tells us, have “the function of dramatizing the surface,” and their patterns are “formally purposeful, like a code, with a casual but not to be ignored connection with the punched cards and tapes of cybernetics iconography.” Of the pottery fragments stuck to the painting he says, “. . . when he studs his pictures with fragments of shining ceramic, a lush device, he makes a curt demonstration of order. Austerity checks his jewel-scattering hand.”

After which there seems to be only one relevant question: Who’s kidding whom?



Oh dear, what can the Matterhorn!

*Was going off to Switzerland—had never been before—
So took a step that proved to be an absolutely fatal one.
I went to ski-ing lessons at a big department store.
Those Inquisitorial exercises—even an ante-natal one!
My muscles felt like modelling clay
When still on my skis I slunk away,
Cursing the call of the silver snow,
Fed to the teeth with the demonstrator. . . .
Suddenly stood, with the world below,
At the top of the escalator.
Ski-jump!
Me jump?
Whoooosh. . . .
Wristy-christie-crash!*

*Two nurses answer when I ring
(It is an ultra-private ward).
Peel me another grape, old thing
My head is bloody—but insured.*

Francis Kinsman



MONICA FURLONG,
who will do a series
of Tatler interviews with
leading personalities

interview

continued from
page 250



A. V. Swaebe

water, but only by working extremely hard. We manage to find enough money for the important things. We have recently re-leaded the roof, and put in a new heating system; over the past eight years we have spent about £100,000 on maintenance. But when critics complain about the shabbiness of the galleries—well, we just don't feel able to fit the whole place out with damask at the moment, much as we would like to.

There is no question of your having to leave Burlington House in the foreseeable future?

Brooke: Our lease has another 900 years to run so we feel fairly secure! When we left the National Gallery in 1868, Queen Victoria was very anxious that we should occupy a site in South Kensington because of Prince Albert's affection for the area. The Academicians politely vetoed the suggestion—fortunately as it turned out. We should probably have had the site that the Imperial Institute occupied and by now would be about ripe for pulling down.

What do you regard as the function of the Academy?

Brooke: To run the Academy Schools—we have 100 students here, none of whom is asked to pay any fees. To hold exhibitions. And to encourage good painting, sculpture and architecture.

It has become a common criticism of the Academy that most of the best artists are outside it.

Brooke: Some very fine artists are outside it. Though I feel they are well matched by many of the ones inside it—Stanley Spencer . . . Augustus John . . . L. S. Lowry . . .

Is it true that the Academy is hostile to contemporary trends in painting?

Brooke: I don't think so. The public tends to judge us by the more explosive remarks of our presidents, but these don't necessarily represent the views of the Academy as a whole. We try to encourage the best in different kinds of painting.

Is it not the job of an academy—any academy—to foster a particular school of painting?

Brooke: That certainly is not what we're trying to do. I doubt if it would be possible at the moment, with such a variety of styles.

To change the subject, Mr. Brooke, have the arrangements for the Russian Exhibition differed from those made for other national exhibitions?

Brooke: There has been a good deal less consultation than usual. We only had one meeting with the Russians a year ago, and had to take what we were given. Generally we have many meetings to decide what we would like.

What was the insurance value of the pictures?

Brooke: I am afraid I can't tell you that, although it runs into millions of roubles.

What qualifications does one need to be secretary of the Academy, Mr. Brooke?

Brooke: I came here from the Civil Service. According to the Laws of the Royal Academy, the secretary should be "a gentleman of good literary attainment and competent for the conduct of official business." Like all the officers of the R.A. the appointment must have the approval of the Sovereign. Once one has worked here it is easy to see why there has only twice been a change of secretary in 85 years. It's like no other job and personally I wouldn't change for the world.

B R I G G S by Graham



PASSPORT—a weekly travel column by DOONE BEAL



Take in music on your tour

NOT EVERYONE'S IDEA of a holiday is bound by sunshine and beaches, or even by good food. The cathedrals, theatres and art galleries of the great European cities have long lured touring Americans, and there are signs that the British are not only becoming increasingly culture-hungry, but that they are discovering (on the way) that one sees more of the heart of another country from its cities than from its beach resorts.

The dedicated make their annual pilgrimage to the great festivals of Salzburg, Strasbourg and Bayreuth, and return refreshed (apparently to ten times the mere power of ozone) by pure music. You may not want to make music and theatre your main objective; but perhaps you like the idea of taking in a couple of days, or even a single performance, on your way to—as the Americans would put it—"some place else." (Who knows? The aesthetic satisfaction of hearing opera sung in its proper language—denied, for the most part, to opera lovers in this country—might make an addict of you yet.)

One word of warning; a casual visit to the theatre may be your intention, but it will not be the result unless you book your tickets in good time. I have therefore compiled a list of the main festivals of Europe, and included some which may provide agreeable incidentals.

ITALY. The home of opera (especially of course Verdi, Puccini and Rossini), has the added bonus of summer performances under the stars. In Rome the open-air season at the Terme di Caracalla runs throughout July and August; in Naples there is a similar

season in the Flegrea Arena. There is a shorter season at Verona (20 July to 16 August), but I am told that the performances and the setting in the arena here are the most prized collectors' piece of all. There is another interesting festival at Spoleto, near Florence: the Second Festival of Two Worlds, under the direction of Gian Carlo Menotti, from 11 June to 12 July, culminating in an open-air performance of Verdi's Requiem.

FRANCE: Lose no time in booking for the Strasbourg Festival, from 5 to 17 June, opening with a performance of Haydn's Mass in the cathedral. In the picturesque Roman-built university town of Aix-en-Provence, the festival is from 10 to 31 July. It includes opera by Purcell, Mozart and Monteverdi as well as orchestral concerts given by the Paris Conservatoire orchestra. At Bordeaux (19 May to 3 June) there is a week of ballet to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the death of Diaghilev.

SWITZERLAND: One of the most attractive of this year's offerings is the magnificent series of orchestral concerts at Montreux, on Lake Geneva, from 6 to 27 September. Three orchestras will perform, the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, the Orchestre Nationale de Paris, and the Suisse Romande, with Van Beinum, Eugene Ormandy and Charles Munch conducting. A further series of lakeside concerts are to be given in Lucerne (15 August to 9 September), with the Philharmonia Orchestra.

GERMANY: Still, perhaps, the country in which you are likely to hear the most peerless performances of Wagner and Beethoven. Perhaps the most famous

festival of all is the Wagner one at Bayreuth (23 July to 25 August), under the personal direction of the composer's grandsons. The conductors this year are Hans Knappertsbusch and Wolfgang Sawallisch.

A further series of gigantic performances can be expected from the Beethoven Festival in Bonn (18 to 28 September), opening with the Missa Solemnis. The ten-day programme includes all nine symphonies plus a performance of *Fidelio*.

Other, smaller festivals where the setting is in itself beguiling, include performances of operetta on the Rhine at Coblenz (27 June to 13 September); lakeside concerts at Constance (19 June to 18 July); a Mozart festival at Ludwigsburg Castle, near Stuttgart (27 June to 5 July); a week of Handel chamber music in Elmau Castle, near Munich (where you can also stay); and, in Munich itself, Mozart, Strauss and Wagner operas at the Prinzregententheater and the smaller Cuvilliestheater, which has just been rebuilt in exact replica of its original rococo style.

AUSTRIA: The Salzburg Festival (26 July to 31 August) takes place in three different theatres, with many performances in the Mozarteum. Perhaps the most exciting of all is the single performance of the Beethoven C Minor Mass in the cathedral.

There is, of course, an almost permanent season in Vienna, but the actual festival is from 30 May to 21 June, with special performances of the Brahms symphonies and operas by Mozart, Wagner and Richard Strauss.

Other festivals worth noting if they coincide with your holiday plans are the ballet in Granada, much of which is to be performed in the Alhambra (20 June to 2 July); concerts in Santander (25 July to 31 August); opera, drama, music in Dubrovnik (1 July to 21 August); international orchestras and opera in Prague (12 May to 3 June); and, in Athens, opera, concerts and Greek drama throughout August and September, with some performances at the Akropolis.

Festival Services, Ltd., of 32 Beauchamp Place, s.w.3, are able to make all theatre and concert reservations throughout Europe, either for the festivals or for regular performances: (they have opera programmes for a month ahead from all the leading theatres in Europe). They will make all your travel and hotel arrangements, and in addition have a number of comprehensive tours, taking in the main Bayreuth, Salzburg, Prague, Vienna and Munich Festivals, about which further details can be had from them on request.

STOKES JOKES

BY DOONE BEAL



VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records



*Elizabeth Sellars:
in each play she
takes the part of
an unscrupulous
charmer*

A double bill from M. Anouilh

THE TRE
by Anthony
Cookman

AMONG the dramatists who have given the Paris stage its intellectual kick since the war, none has been more to English taste than M. Jean Anouilh. This may be because his ideas usually are less alarmingly anti-romantic than at first sight they appear and because he is a brilliant arranger of little shocks of theatrical surprise.

I cannot think why *Traveller Without Luggage* should only now reach London. It dates back to 1936, has an arresting theme and is quite well known to country repertory audiences. However, here it is attractively produced by Mr. Peter Hall at the Arts Theatre, and the gratified author has filled out the evening with an adaptation of a story by Mlle. Louise de Vilmorin.

Madame De . . . light-heartedly evokes the fashionable Parisian world of the cynical eighties. An indulgent and imperturbably elegant husband is always having to buy back at enhanced prices a pair of diamond hearts that were his wedding gift to Madame. With only slightly raised eyebrows, he continues to sign bigger and bigger cheques. Once he sends the troublesome ear-rings across the Atlantic with his Spanish mistress, and his eyebrows twitch almost violently when they are returned to him by the same discreet jeweller. They have been re-presented to his wife by a solemn ambassador as a pledge of illicit love, and the hopelessly extravagant lady has "popped" them once again.

Only death can break the vicious circle, and the authors do not shrink from the logical end of their joke.

Miss Elizabeth Sellars, Mr. Douglas Wilmer and their director are all in their various ways immensely decorative and almost (though not quite) succeed in persuading us that the piece is really too long for the trifle that it is. But trifles that exceed their proper length even by a little become infinitely more fatiguing to follow than any performance of *Hamlet* in its entirety; and

THE PLAYS:

Madame De . . .
*Traveller without
luggage*

Elizabeth Sellars
Joyce Carey
Irene Browne
Denholm Elliott
Douglas Wilmer

so it is, I am afraid, with *Madame De . . .* *Traveller Without Luggage* is constructed oddly. It opens as cynical comedy, with a meddlesome great lady chatteringly anxious to foist a soldier who has lost his memory on the richest of the five families who believe that the amnesiac may be their lost loved one. Gaston is glad to be out of the asylum, but he is rather surly averse from coping with claims he believes to be based on wishful thinking.

But the Renauds turn out to be rather different from other claimants. The servant-girl is obviously certain that he is Jacques Renaud, who was her first lover. Georg Renaud has a genuine affection for his much younger brother and is reluctant to let him know that once, in a fit of temper, he pushed his best friend down the stairs and crippled him for life. He is still more reluctant to admit that his own wife had been seduced by Jacques. The wife is avid for the return of her lover and knows that he carries the mark of a wound she herself inflicted on the back of his shoulder.

His mother's conscience is troubled by her former relations with a son of whom she was ashamed. There is disturbing evidence that he had hunted and tortured animals out of sheer love of cruelty. As the proofs accumulate that the personality of the sadistic wastrel is his own, Gaston is convinced and horrified. A series of poignant situations has left him helplessly trapped—and it is at this point that M. Anouilh, believing (as he had shown in his previous play, *La Sauvage*) that the events of the past are irredeemable, runs short of ideas.

Not knowing how to extricate his hero, he abruptly changes the mood of the play, remembers the opening passages of cynical comedy and calmly and smilingly arranges for Gaston to escape from himself by assuming an aristocratic English name which he knows does not belong to him.

Mr. Denholm Elliott does much to save the author from the confusion into which he falls amidst his flashing theatrical sword-play.

He gets good if not always properly co-ordinated support from Miss Irene Browne as the mother, Miss Sellars as the mistress, Mr. Geoffrey Keen as the selfless brother and Miss Joyce Carey as the perky *grande dame*.



*Joyce Carey and
Denholm Elliott in
Anouilh's play
about loss
of memory*

The Chicago pianos play an oldie

CHICAGO, 1932—and for the gangsters, the living is high: for the lawyer who's not particular about being on the side of justice, the pickings are good—and for the showgirl who doesn't mind if the company's a little rough, there's 100 bucks a night in it any time she cares to join in the fun at Rico's Place. Shades of all Chicago's Little Caesars and Public Enemies—but *Party Girl* certainly takes one back a bit! It comes in modern Metrocolor but the story seems like a genuine oldie, a black-and-white subject that somebody found lying on an upper shelf, reverently dusted off and handed to Mr. Nicholas Ray to direct for curiosity value.

Mr. Ray used to seem to enjoy unravelling the psychological problems of people who did not fully understand why they behaved as they did (*Rebel Without A Cause* and all that). This time he is confronted with a set of characters who know every last thing about themselves and are enthusiastically and remorselessly self-explanatory, though

CINEMA
by Elespeth
Grant



David Niven and
Deborah Kerr in
Separate Tables. It
has its première at
the Leicester Square
Theatre tomorrow

it must be admitted that as a sop to the civilities they sometimes half-excuse their lengthier monologues with a simple: "I had to tell you—I wanted you to know." Since there are no secret psychoses to probe, Mr. Ray has nothing to worry about—except, maybe, whether a vintage line like that will raise an unwanted laugh.

Mr. Robert Taylor, with a not unbecoming limp, is a brilliant lawyer, the favourite mouthpiece of a big-time mobster, Mr. Lee J. Cobb, who eats cigars in a rather untidy way. Miss Cyd Charisse, a beautiful showgirl with a somewhat wistful expression, meets Mr. Taylor at a party given by Mr. Cobb.

She does not approve of his association with their host and prevails upon Mr. Taylor to try to make a break and start a new life. So Mr. Cobb has her kidnapped. Pretty soon all hell is loose in gangsterland and out come the vitriol bottle and the sub-machine guns and the shoot-and-run hoodlums and the terse-talking cops, just as they did in those far-off movies. Ageing addicts of the genre will find it inexpressibly cosy and nostalgic.

Though *Fortunella* is directed by Signor Eduardo de Filippo, Signorina Giulietta Masina, its star, once more finds herself in a world designed for her by her husband, Signor Frederico Fellini—a world (as in *La Strada* and *Cabiria*) of fantastic poverty ungrudgingly borne, of strange attachments impulsively formed and soon forgotten, of vehement and bitter quarrels which pass like summer storms.

This time she is slaving away for an impoverished junk merchant (Signor Alberto Sordi), a thief and a receiver who lets her take the rap for his offences. When this charmer, to whom she is servant and mistress, installs his "cousin" (Signorina Franca Marzi) as his new bedfellow, Signorina Masina runs away, haunts the great palace nearby, dreaming that she is the daughter of the prince, its owner—and eventually takes up with a cultured, happy but permanently drunk professor, Mr. Paul Douglas, who invites her to share his house by the Tiber.

The house, long deserted, has been taken over by a troupe of itinerant players and though Signorina Masina at first resents their presence, it is to them and welcome make-believe that she returns and clings after Mr. Douglas has died and her little dream of noble parentage has been courteously dispelled. The chief fascination of this rambling and erratic piece lies in Signorina Masina's touching performance.

It is a quite different world that has been created for Miss Anna Neagle by her husband, Mr. Herbert Wilcox, in *The Lady Is A Square*—one of ineffable refinement and only such poverty as Belgravia can bear without a blush. Miss Neagle, a patron of classical music, and her daughter, Miss Janette Scott, who really rather enjoys "pop" music but is loyal to Mum, are such terribly nice people that, though one is frightfully sorry they're having trouble with making a going concern of a classical orchestra, it is a great relief to meet up with somebody so uninhibited as Mr. Frankie Vaughan—who is in splendid voice and good spirits and puts over with verve a number of songs that the teenagers will adore.

Mr. Vaughan, becoming a smash hit overnight, is able to help Miss Neagle financially and, being a thoroughly likeable chap, overcomes her prejudices against "pop" singers. In the company of Mr. Vaughan, Miss Scott and Mr. Tony Newley (superbly funny as a song-plugger), Miss Neagle goes jiving at that night spot called The Talk of The Town and proves again that one can shake a leg without being in the least coarse. There is nobody like Miss Neagle. We should buy her for the nation.

THE FILMS:

Party girl
Robert Taylor
Cyd Charisse
Lee J. Cobb
dr. Nicholas Ray

Fortunella
Giuletta Masina
Paul Douglas
dr. Eduardo de Filippo
(“X” certificate)

*The lady
is a square*
Anna Neagle
Frankie Vaughan
Janette Scott
dr. Herbert Wilcox

Caution: Here be dragons

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN a picture of a sea monk and a sea bishop—cheerful, sealy creatures of slightly frivolous appearance? Or a female deep-sea angler-fish ("with three dwarf males inseparably attached") who lives, with a toothy smile, at the bottom of a world as black as Hades? Do you experience a genuine awe when you read of the magnificently named German zoologist Ingo Krumbiegel who was glancing through his collection of South American skulls in 1937 (and why not) when he "came upon the skull of a dog-like beast of prey with a staggeringly weak dentition"?

I must confess to a positively delirious fancy for this sort of information, which is all contained in a tremendous and superb book called *Out Of Noah's Ark* by Herbert Wendt—just about everything you can possibly want to know about birds, beasts and fish old and new, true and fabulous. I love the climate of this dedicated, ferocious world, where expeditions madly race each other to find a bamboo bear, and a man who had written "a masterly work on the iguanodons" could be whisked away from reptile research by his envious museum-director and set to work to elucidate the genealogy of the lungfish.

This fascinating book is gorgeously and unexpectedly illustrated. My week has been made rich by pictures of a roguish 16th-century hippo playfully munching up some sort of small crocodile-type object; the "legendary greedy glutton" which gets itself into a frightful pickle from overeating; a delicious 13th-century picture of Alexander the Great sitting prim and snug in his crown in a diving barrel at the bottom of a sea bursting with goggly fish and a couple of plump and sportive mer-ladies enjoying a good gossip over a sea-food supper; and the moody, introspective eyes of the Indian bear, brooding inconsolably over having been "a source of zoological misunderstandings for centuries."

Parts of the book are distinctly disturbing. I had to skip past any mention of screaming or weeping fish (even if it was later proved a rumour), and I am still fairly appalled by the thought that even in the ciliate protozoan paramecium "the vague longing for happiness is at work." Tell that to Samuel Beckett, and let us all weep together.

After *Out Of Noah's Ark*, fiction seems a trifle flat. But I have enjoyed *The Watercress Girl* by H. E. Bates, a collection of 13 gentle, acute, tremendously atmospheric and often pastoral stories about childhood, a merciful breath of cool light air after that torrid romp *The Darling Buds Of May*. And short-story fanciers should try another collection, *The Go-Away Bird*, by that most eccentric and unnerving writer Muriel Spark. Two worlds more different could hardly be imagined. *The Watercress Girl's* is predictable, tender, sad in a pleasurable way, lit by a golden Batesian glow. The world Miss Spark makes is wild, thoroughly weird, dislocated, full of booby-traps and alarm, lit by magnesium and echoing with screams of eldritch, unkind laughter. The book contains her prize-winning story with one of the world's most haunting titles, "The Seraph And The Zambesi," an extraordinary mixture of solemn, fearful farce and violent beauty, about the unexpected appearance of a real flame-throwing Angel of the Lord at a Nativity masque. I greatly

BOOKS

by Siriol
Hugh-Jones

THE BOOKS:

Out of Noah's Ark
by Herbert Wendt
(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 36s.)

The watercress girl
by H. E. Bates
(Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.)

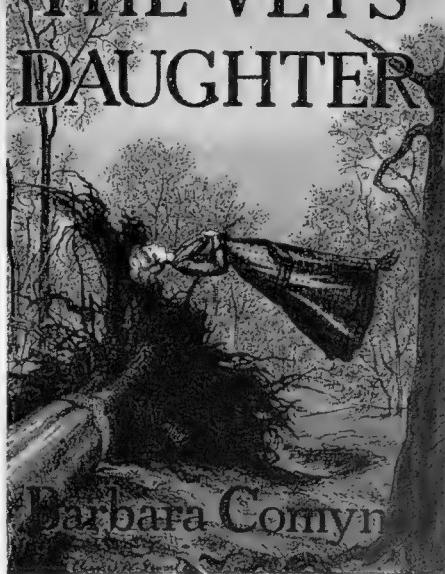
The go-away bird
by Muriel Spark
(Macmillan, 13s. 6d.)

*The privilege was
mine*
by Princess Zinaida
Schakovsky
(Cape, 16s.)

The troubled house
by Kage Batoon
(Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)

Bonnie Jean
by James Barke
(Collins, 15s.)

Naming-day in Eden
by Jonathan Jacobs
(Gollancz, 15s.)



The arresting cover by Charles Stewart for Barbara Comyns' fourth novel, *The Vet's Daughter*, which deals with levitation

admire Miss Spark, and am not a little scared by her.

Princess Zinaida Schakovsky's *The Privilege Was Mine*, is a sharp-tongued, beady-eyed, lively account of her return to Russia as the wife of a diplomat, 37 years after she had fled from the Revolution with her mother. The circumstances alone would make the book fascinating, but it is also the work of a lucid professional writer who has seen a great deal of the world—in fact, not just another collection of "impressions" from someone who happens to have gone travelling. She met many of the ordinary people, and also the masters of Russia and writes of them with a tangy vividness (Molotov she describes as "an empty envelope with a constantly changing address").

The dominant note in the book is its assessment of what it must be like to live in a country under the constant pressure of fear. Her sympathies and attitude are those of a White emigrée, but she is nevertheless capable of writing toughly, after the Hungarian revolution, "The Russian people were beginning to move towards democracy.... It was we who slammed the door shut and provoked a new stiffening on the part of the Russian Government, a stiffening which was to cost dearly the nations which the U.S.S.R. controlled by force of arms, and still more dearly the peoples of the Soviet Union."

Some of the most interesting and revealing chapters in the book are those on current Soviet writing and theatre. It seems to me that any book written at the moment about Russia is almost bound to be biased one way or the other—I cannot imagine how one could be objective about it—and at least this one is written by someone whose first language was Russian. I am beginning to feel less and less interest in the reports, no matter how honest, colourful and intelligent, from those travellers whose every sentence has to filter laboriously through interpretation.

Briefly... The Troubled House by Kage Batoon—my favourite name this year—is one of those intensely morbid, phosphorescent American thrillers about a tiny, exquisite child-bride with a perfect heart-shaped face and a nastily twisted psyche. ... *Bonnie Jean* is the last of the late James Barke's five novels about Burns, and deals with the sad, hard life of Jean Armour, Robert Burns's widow. It is dark and passionate, and I think perhaps is not quite for me. There is much about "the ruthless procreative urge" and "the grim reaper's sickle."

Lastly, *Naming-Day In Eden* by Jonathan Jacobs is a delightful and original book—a touch coy in patches, and sometimes rather galumphingly whimsical, but it's a minor complaint—about words; a bizarre, fantastic, scholarly and passionate book by a man with a joyful obsession.

No more bundles for Britain, please

EXPLOITATION IN the entertainment field has taken a turn for the worse. For some years, agents in the United States have been touring the country with package shows, lumping together a nebulous collection of performers who are likely to make a quick appeal to the public. They overlook the fact that, individually, the acts presented will not necessarily please more than a minority of those who see or hear them.

When the package presentation is applied to jazz artists, the situation becomes fraught with difficulties. You cannot list a number of stars regardless of their styles and personalities, and sit them down in a room, hoping that they will play good jazz.

Twice last year Norman Granz, leading impresario, presented jazz packages: the moderately successful *Jazz at the Philharmonic* which, apart from Ella Fitzgerald, disappointed me; then the *Jazz from Carnegie Hall*. I do not know what sort of audiences go to listen to jazz at Carnegie Hall, nor what reception they get. But if they have to put up with the mediocre performances (from stars, mind you) which I heard, then the promoters would serve their integrity better by putting up the shutters on jazz at Carnegie Hall.

Most people who follow jazz actively know the anomalies of the present band exchange. Ted Heath can take his band to the States, but they must not play in a dance hall or on television. Conversely, Louis Armstrong or Buck Clayton must not darken the portals of a dance hall or club with his trumpet case in hand, lest a zealous official of the Union or Ministry of Labour spy him, whereupon his magic work permit will be withdrawn. If they were allowed to play for dancing three things would happen.

First: the average stay of a band in either country would be prolonged, because the scope of their tour would be larger. Secondly: it should be possible to reduce prices, as the high cost of trans-Atlantic fares would be spread over more engagements. The third thing would be that my own portly frame would be forced to disport itself in the local "palais," keeping tabs on the activities of Basie or Hines. I can think of many worse ways of getting one's weight down, and I am sure that the prevailing atmosphere of most dance halls would provide the bands with an ample, if less formal, opportunity to play their best.

Why should we put up with the indifferent package show when so many great artists and self-supporting groups exist today? What about the Buddy Tate band or Earl Hines, hiding his light under an oversized bushel on the West Coast? When is Buck Clayton coming—long promised, but replaced at the last moment by something called *Jazz Encyclopaedia*.

If we have to have a package, what about trumpeter Miles Davis, backed by some of his better alumni—Sonny Rollins on tenor, Thelonious Monk on piano, Art Blakey or Philly Joe Jones on drums and Charlie Mingus on bass? Or Lucky Thompson, that exciting tenor man, could be asked to bring a group of his own choice. I would rather hear any of these men than the insipid soloists we have been sent.

It is time the British fan stood up for himself. Whatever happens, no more bundles for Britain, please.

RECORDS

by Gerald Lascelles

THE RECORDS:

Miles Davis & Sonny Rollins
Dig
12-in. L.P. £1 10s. 7½d.
Esquire 32-062

Miles Davis
Relaxin' with Miles Davis
12-in. L.P. £1 10s. 7½d.
Esquire 32-068

Oscar Pettiford
Hi-Fi, No. 2
10-in. L.P. £1 7s. 10d.
H.M.V. DLP1197

Milt Jackson
Plenty, plenty soul
12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.
London LTZ-K15141

Bud Powell
Blues for Bud
12-in. L.P. £2 1s. 8½d.
Columbia 33CN10123

Ray Bryant
Ray Bryant Trio
12-in. L.P. £1 10s. 7½d.
Esquire 32-066



The clear-cut line from Italy

Rome and Florence
confirm the trend to tiny
waists and shoulder interest

PATRICK DE BARENTZEN, who first established his name as a designer for the house of Luciani, has become the darling of Roman couture and the man fashion experts are watching as a result of his first individual collection. De Barentzen follows the general trend in favour of the wide important shoulder line and likes clear-cut, uncluttered clothes. His grey and white dress and jacket (*left*) in a checked tweed has cape sleeves to the jacket with a natural waist at the back but dipping to a rounded hemline in front. The dress is sleeveless.

CAROSA of Rome (in private life she is the Princess Caracciolo) showed an essentially wearable feminine collection. For her mohair coat (*right*) in shades of brown she used a British fabric made by Ascher. The sleeveless dress worn with the coat is made of the same fabric



THE LINE FROM ITALY *continued*

FABIANI, husband of Simonetta, showed a collection which had much in common with that of his wife. Rounded "peg-top" skirts, high wasp waists and, on his evening dresses, large bertha shoulder capes, were much in evidence. His suit (*left*) in a fine brown and grey diagonal tweed is tailored with an almost military precision and requires the smallest of waists. The tiny bowler of baku straw in a toning beige is typical of those worn with most of his day ensembles



BARATTA, the Roman house that is noted for its fine tailoring, is now receiving considerable attention from wholesale manufacturers in Britain. This white woven wool dress and jacket trimmed with navy has been bought by Susan Small in London and will soon be on sale at many leading stores



SIMONETTA, always in the *avant garde* of Italian fashion, has retained the high waistline in her new collection but, in common with Paris, she uses wide shoulder lines and broad, important belts. The "beetle-backed" coat (*above, left*) in a heavy black and white flecked tweed illustrates the line that she carries through even into her evening dresses. Her street dress (*above*) is in a brown flecked tweed. It has a "peg-top" skirt, a small waist emphasized by a wide leather belt, and a fringed cape accentuating the universal trend to broader shoulder lines

THE LINE FROM ITALY *continued*

CAPUCCI, Rome's youngest designer and golden boy of Italian couture a couple of seasons back, continues to make individual if less original clothes. He retains the high waistline and balances a "square" wide-cut skirt with important shoulder lines. His dress (*left*) in white silk has huge purple dots, an outsize tubular bow to mark the waistline, and the bertha shoulder line.

SIMONETTA's "beetle-back" is carried into an evening dress of black paper silk taffeta. The dress is trimmed with a large black rose. The white silk dress (also from Simonetta) clearly shows her predilection for short balloon-shaped skirts and her emphasis on shoulder interest achieved by the wide shawl neckline.



THE LINE FROM ITALY *continued*



BARATTA'S "younger than springtime" dress for a first ball is made in a fine white organza mounted on many petticoats. The scalloped hemline is embroidered with diamanté giving it a frosted appearance. This dress has also been bought by Susan Small and will soon be on sale at leading stores over here

CAROSA's romantic dress of white tulle is scattered with brilliants and worn with an intriguing white feather headdress. The craftsmanship is typical of the utterly feminine little dresses, meticulously made and exquisitely hand-embroidered, to be found at many of the Roman couture houses





GALITZINE, another successful woman designer, showed this sensational evening dress. The sheath of white spotted net has an enormous frilled overskirt which fastens at the back of the neck. Here there is no doubt at all of the over-riding emphasis on the shoulder line

LEATHER is having a revival
in fashion, furnishing and accessories.

Counter spy

reports four ideas for making
good use of this material:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL PEPPÉ AT HANWAY STUDIOS



1



2



3



4

1 From Elizabeth Winter's Boutique, 68 South Molton Street, W.1, comes this gay harlequin tabard in Pittard's new glacé leather which can be sponged clean. There is a headband to match it in shocking pink, black and white, and a pair of black leather bloomers (not shown). The headband, price: 1 gn. The tabard and the bloomers complete, 30 gns.—all made to measure

2 Hide in furniture—the latest news at the recent Furniture Exhibition. Here, a coal bucket covered in Old English cow-hide embellished with a crest, and a similarly covered whisky casket with hasps and handles of gilt, by S. E. Norris. The lining of the coal bucket can be removed. Price: about £7 17s. 6d. The whisky casket holds four bottles. Price about 10 gns. Both from Liberty's

3 Italian fashions are news just now. Here is something else the Italians have a name for

exquisite leather work. From a selection at Smythson, New Bond Street, W.1; a maroon, tooled leather cigarette box, lined with leather. Price: 71s. 9d. Four bookmarks come in the dark hues tooled in gold which are favourites with Italian leathercraftsmen: price 9s. 6d. each

4 At Bumpus's new premises in Baker Street Mr. Bowles can give advice on any sort of binding. Estimates and rough designs are supplied and bindings from simple buckram and waterproof to ornate leatherwork carried out. Bumpus also have a renovation service. Examples of bindings shown include Palgrave's Golden Treasury in machine-bound blue lambskin, price: about 25s., and Browning's Love Among The Ruins in leather tooled in gold and hand-painted with a motif of precious stones. A collector's piece (about £150)

A New Slant on accessories by the *Treforest Chrome Leather Company* in their 'Suncloud' range. This leather, designed with soft floral patterns in spring-like misty shades, is made into handbags, gloves, jackets, hats and shoes by various manufacturers. This type of leather would look ideal with plain white or coloured summer dresses, and the gloves are washable. Handbags are available at leading London stores, the gloves at Selfridges and the jackets at Selfridges and Jenners, Edinburgh

Air luggage, but useful for all forms of travel, is what Sinclair Owen had in mind when they made their new leather wardrobe suitcase called the "Air-Pak." It is spacious, but light, and when unzipped and hung up, jackets or dresses can hang straight. Outside there is a large pocket for anything remembered at the last moment. In tan. Price: about £25 15s. from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; Lyon, Glasgow; and Marsh, Manchester

Minette Shepard

LANCÔME

SCULPTURALE—SERUM NECK CREAM
REJUVENATES THE WHOLE APPEARANCE OF YOUR NECK.

TOPAZE—MOISTURISING LOTION
YOUR NECK WILL REACT LIKE A WATERSTARVED PLANT TO SPRING RAIN.

EMPREINTE DE BEAUTE—BEAUTY MASK
WHITENS—TIGHTENS AND SMOOTHES NECK WRINKLES.

GALATEIS SOAP—WITH SPECIAL INGREDIENTS FOR NECK BEAUTY.

YOUR SPECIAL NECK TREATMENT



BEAUTY

Hitting those high spots

by JEAN CLELAND

EACH SEASON, just before the new Collections are shown in Paris and Italy, hope springs anew in the hearts of the not-so-slim. "Perhaps this time," they sigh, "some kindly couturier will bring back the 'comfortable' figures of the past, so that we can relax and let nature take its course."

Optimists who have been indulging in wishful thinking are again doomed to disappointment. The new designs do not lend themselves to cushiony curves. These are still out, and slimness—whether you like it or not—is still in.

One of the chief objections to a rigorous slimming course has always been that the face can very easily tend to look haggard. The best way to guard against this is to keep it thoroughly nourished by massaging it with a rich skin food both morning and before going to bed, when a little cream can be left on to seep in during the night. It is as well too, while slimming, to have a few facial treatments to firm the contours, brace the muscles, and keep the skin from getting slack.

"All-over" slimming, however, is by no means always necessary. Most figures are—like the curate's egg—good in parts, and this is why "Spot" slimming is coming into its own. There are various methods for doing this, several of which have already been described on these pages, and salons specializing in them are tremendously busy. Waists, thighs, hips, legs, arms, and any odd rolls and bulges can be reduced and whittled away without affecting the face at all, and it is this that is delighting an increasing number of clients.

One of the greatest enthusiasts for all forms of slimming, and for attaining and keeping a healthy lithe figure, is Helena Rubinstein, whose "Reducing" Clinie in her Grafton Street salon is a tremendous success. But Helena Rubinstein never rests on her laurels. Always on the look out for fresh methods and ideas, this indomitable woman has, with her accustomed zeal, found

something quite new for "Spot" reducing and brought it to Grafton Street. It is called *Volcanotherm*, and is a form of curative volcanic mud, with special properties and full of active minerals.

I went to see Mme. Rubinstein when she was here a few weeks ago, and asked her about the new discovery. "The mud," she told me, "is brought up from the bottom of a small lake in Northern Italy called Battaglia, and is of volcanic origin. The local inhabitants have, it appears, always appreciated its medicinal properties ever since the Roman times, but it was a German professor called Hess who recognized its outstanding therapeutic value. He experimented with it, and eventually formed a homogeneous mixture of the mud and paraffin, and made it into a solid plaque that could be transported."

I asked her if I could see how the mud treatment—which has already proved such a success in Paris—worked, and she immediately arranged for me to watch the whole process the following morning.

The mud plaque is melted down under a slow heat, until it can be spread on any part of the body. While it has the power of breaking down the unnecessary fat cells, and is primarily for reducing, it also has therapeutic value for the treatment of rheumatism and fibrositic conditions. Treatments are streamlined to the individual client, and an expert decides where each one is over-weight.

When this has been done, a plastic square is placed over the area that needs reducing and then marked out with a heavy pencil. The mud is applied and the patient wrapped in blankets to rest for 20 to 30 minutes, during which time the heat is retained at an even temperature. After the mixture has been removed from the skin, a gentle hand massage is recommended for the area needed.

The results as regards "Spot" reducing are proving extremely successful. In addition, patients say that during, and after, the treatments, they feel wonderfully relaxed,



In the Volcanotherm treatment the mud plaque is applied (top) to the selected area and covered (above) with a square of plastic. The patient is then wrapped in blankets for about 30 minutes

MOTORING

Could fins have saved Hawthorn?

by GORDON WILKINS



FIN FASHIONS—Above: Chrysler's 1958 production model. Top: Bertone's Alfa Romeo, the Bat, built as part of an investigation into the problems of stability. Below: Another experiment. Fiat's rear-engined gas turbine car created by In Rapi

"IT WAS SPEED," This is the only explanation the official inquiry into the death of the World Champion racing driver can offer us. But while true in principle—he would presumably not have skidded and lost control if he had been going only half as fast—it leaves pressing questions unanswered. On the race tracks Hawthorn was used to controlling slides at 150 m.p.h.; why should he lose control at a far lower speed in his own car on a road he knew intimately?

The inquiry has excluded defects in the car or the actions of other people as factors. Part may have been psychological, arising from his deep dislike of Germans and German cars. To the editor of *Motor Racing*, who road-tested his Jaguar a few days before the crash, Hawthorn made it clear that one object of the modifications he had made to the car was to enable it to out-accelerate Mercedes and particularly the 300 SL, one of which he had just passed when he skidded. Unfortunately even the winning of the World Championship does not seem to have liberated him from the need for this particular form of self-assertion.

But it still does not explain how a driver of such extraordinary skill, with such swift reactions, could simply lose control. Some people believe the wind may have contributed to it. Rob Walker who was following in his Mercedes said that only a few moments earlier a side wind blew him two yards sideways: "It was almost like having a cannon fired at you."

Can a gust of wind be powerful enough in this climate of ours to cause a driver to lose control? In some conditions it can and now that modern motor roads are being built it is useful to know something about the forces exerted by the wind on a fast-moving car.

Really calm, windless days are rare. The average wind during the winter months in England is blowing at 20 m.p.h. It is rarely

dead ahead or dead astern; usually it is blowing at an angle to the car and trying to push it off course. On a straight exposed road one can compensate for a steady wind by steering into it, although I have known as much as half a turn of the wheel to be needed to hold a fast car on course in a strong wind. The danger comes when the car is hit by a sudden gust, or is struck by the wind on emerging from the shelter of trees or houses. The forces exerted by the wind rise with the speed of the car. A gust of only 20 m.p.h. striking the side of a car travelling at 100 m.p.h. can exert a sideways force of about 500 lb. Even on a dry road this can start a dangerous swerve and on a wet or icy road even the most skilful driver has a hard job to control it.

Cornering makes a car even more vulnerable. During a production saloon-car race at Silverstone I was standing at Woodcote corner when one car started to slide, and just touched the bumper of another, which immediately went out of control, somersaulted and was totally destroyed, fortunately without grave results for the driver. Several people were surprised that such a slight blow could have had such a disastrous effect, but Rudolf Uhlenhaut (experimental engineer of Daimler-Benz), who is responsible for the development of all Mercedes racing cars, was there too and he said:

"It is not really surprising. A car cornering on the limit is just like one travelling on ice. If you could reach out and touch it with your hand you could push it off course." The reason is that all available tyre adhesion is fully employed driving the car or resisting the effects of centrifugal force and there is no margin left to resist any other forces. In ordinary road driving there is usually a greater margin of safety but it can be cut rather fine by a heavy gust of wind.

Cars differ widely in their reaction to side winds. A light car is more affected than a heavy one of the same shape and size and a really well streamlined car is much more sensitive to the wind than one with a body like a box. On the streamlined car a high proportion of the wind force acts on the front wheels and tends to turn the car away from the wind in a sharp swerve. The designer can help to resist the wind's effects by concentrating weight at the front of the car. Streamlined rear-engined cars are a difficult problem in this respect. The prewar rear-engined V8 Tatra was notoriously tricky to handle for this reason among others. Porsche only solved the problem after years of patient development work on suspension and steering.

A car of average shape and forward weight distribution will simply drift sideways when struck by a side wind. It can be helped appreciably by a pair of tail fins. Even better, a well streamlined car with weight concentrated forward and well designed tail fins will turn itself into the wind and come back on course with only the minimum of help from the driver.

It is a pity that tail fins have become a styling gimmick, one year standing up and next year drooping sideways for the sake of variety. Straight sharp-edged fins like those on the latest B.M.C. saloons can be a real help in strong winds. Chrysler proved it by cutting the fins off some of their cars and making comparative tests, which is why they claim that their present fins give a 20 per cent improvement in stability in high side winds.



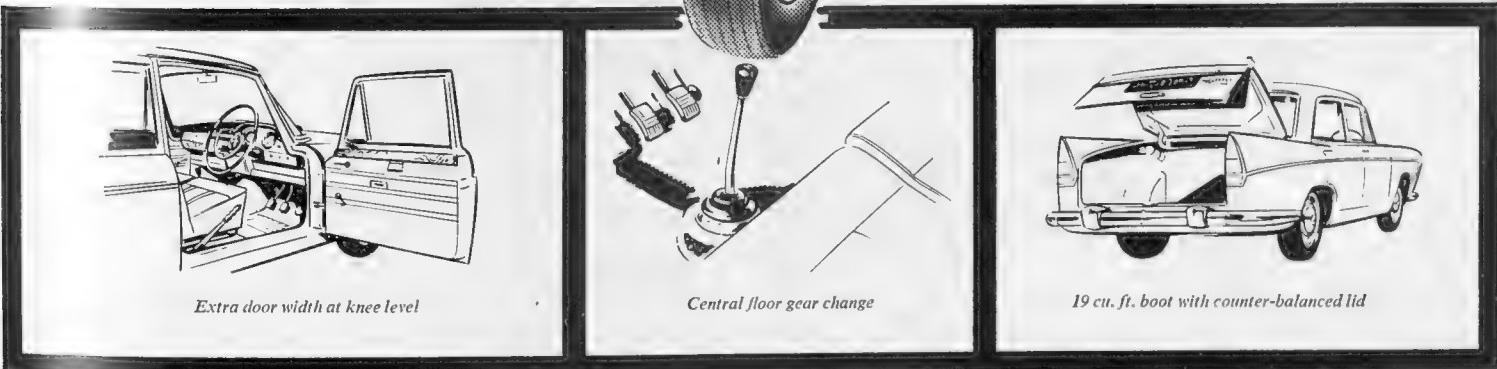
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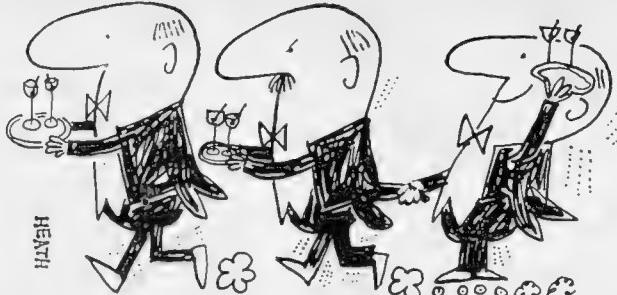
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DINING OUT

Flames with a flourish

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THE MAGIC CARPET at 124 King's Road, Chelsea, which was opened in 1946 by George Brampton, ex-Flight Lieutenant R.A.F., still goes strong in 1958.

He states that this "intimate" restaurant is unperturbed by gimmicks such as roasting spits or charcoal grills. I'm not at all sure whether this is strictly true. Maybe it does not have a charcoal grill, but a lot of its specialities, while good, are flambé and done at your table with a considerable flourish and a good deal of flame.

Take the Steak au Poivre (Swiss style) at 12s. 6d. for example. This consists of a rare fillet steak sautéed in butter and finished with onions, parsley and Worcester sauce.

I settled for the Paté Maison, 3s. 6d. (and worth it) and a Ris de

Veau Magic Carpet, which was calves' sweetbreads tenderized in butter with Julienne of ham and celery, finished off with Sauce Chasseur and fresh cream. A delicate mouthful at 11s. 6d.

To finish I had an Adam and Eve Flambé at 7s. 6d., which consisted of frittered apples and bananas cooked in kirsch and flamed in brandy.

The Magic Carpet is a cosy, comfortable place where you don't want to be in any sort of hurry. There are lots of gay paintings, nudes and otherwise, by a well-known Chelsea artist, Robin Goodwin, whose work George Brampton has been showing for over 10 years.

You can bring your own wine (they don't charge you corkage), or they will send out for it.

An accomplished girl with an accordion plays in the evenings and it's essential to book your table. The telephone number is Kensington 6296.

From the Magic Carpet to rather a magic dinner at the Wellington Club in Knightsbridge, the menu of which read "Celebration Dinner to Little Harriet on her 80th Birthday."

The dinner was given to Harriet Reaney by her two sisters, one of whom is 76 and the other 83. Harriet herself, who has retired to Rottingdean, was for over 50 years a licensed victualler at the White Swan in Vauxhall Bridge Road. Keeping up the family tradition is her niece, Vi Murray, also present, who is licensee of the Gloucester in Sloane Street.

Here was the menu and the wines they chose: Hors d'Oeuvre Variés or smoked salmon; Tortue au Madère, Paillettes d'Or with Xérès, La Riva; Mousse de Sole à la Mode du Chef with Liebfraumilch Hanns Christof Deinhard 1953; Poulet de Grain Grillé à l'Americaine with Château Mouton Cadet 1949; Soufflé Surprise and Gâteau Anniversaire with Lanson, Black Label, N.V., finishing up with coffee and liqueurs. Which only goes to show that at the ripe age of 80 you know your way about.

Apart from our party there was a good deal of activity at the Wellington that night. I noticed Alejandro Cassinello, a sherry shipper of high renown, giving a party at a nearby table, the guests

of honour being Bob Wright and Chet Forrest, who adapted Borodin's music for the musical *Kismet*. Just to make sure he did the thing properly Mr. Cassinello had a whole sucking pig served up and carved on the table.

From the Wellington Club to the Mount Royal, an immense establishment at Marble Arch, which will, when the present activities are completed, provide accommodation for 1,250 visitors per night, each bedroom having a private bathroom.

The Mount Royal now has a fully licensed American Bar with some fine hand-carved panelling. As far as the fully licensed bar is concerned, I can only add "and about time too," in view of the enormous number of visitors from abroad who reserve accommodation at this hotel.

The new general manager is Rene Giordano who has worked in various capacities for that prolific purchaser of mammoth establishments, Maxwell Joseph, now the owner of the Mount Royal.

Rene recently organized one of the gayest parties I have been to for a long time. There were separate stands, each representing a different country from which the Mount Royal has had visitors. There was a Russian serving vodka and caviar on the Russian stall, a Spaniard dispensing sherry on the Spanish stall, delicacies from India, and so on. There was even a barrow with cockles and winkles from Southend-on-Sea.

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DINING IN

Fishing for a change

by HELEN BURKE

IN WRITING ABOUT foods, the tendency is to leave out those which are not generally in good supply. This may be safe but it is not enterprising. How can folk vary their dishes if dealers are not persuaded to stock and sell the ingredients required? Demand, after all, creates supply.

A fishmonger will tell you that there is no point in his buying in such fish as carp, John Dory, gurnet, fresh and sea-water bream and quite a few others since "no one asks for them." One can get some quite "unusual" fish in districts where people from the Continent and from China and other Oriental countries shop but, by and large, the range of fish in our shops is limited. For the most part, too, expensive fish are more easily obtainable than those which are more reasonably priced.

Sea bream, a fish of which I never tire, has a quality reminiscent of lobster, and gurnet, if it is large enough, is a better fish than hake. But both these fish have their drawbacks: sea bream have tremendous scales and nasty spiky bones, while a gurnet has a horrible-looking head. John Dory is another odd fish of which we see little and, for all I know, it may have joined the ranks of the expensive fish.

During these weeks when fish is plentiful and when we are encouraged to eat more of it, I shall make a point of going to those fishmongers where I know these odd fish are on sale.

Now for sea bream, stuffed and baked. It lends itself particularly well to this treatment because the flesh is firm. Ask the fishmonger to scrape off the large scales and to bone the fish through the back, leaving the belly uncut. Here is the stuffing for a two-lb. fish: Fry four oz. chopped mushrooms and a chopped shallot in one oz. butter until the shallot is soft. Add three

tablespoons dry white wine and cook for a few minutes. Add six tablespoons fine breadcrumbs, a dessertspoon of chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme and pepper and salt to taste. Bind the mixture with a beaten egg.

Fill the bream with this stuffing and skewer the back together or secure it with long, loose, overcasting stitches. Place it in a buttered oven-dish and, if you like, surround it with whole small tomatoes. Brush with melted butter and bake for 35 to 40 minutes in a fairly hot oven (375 deg. F. or gas mark 5).

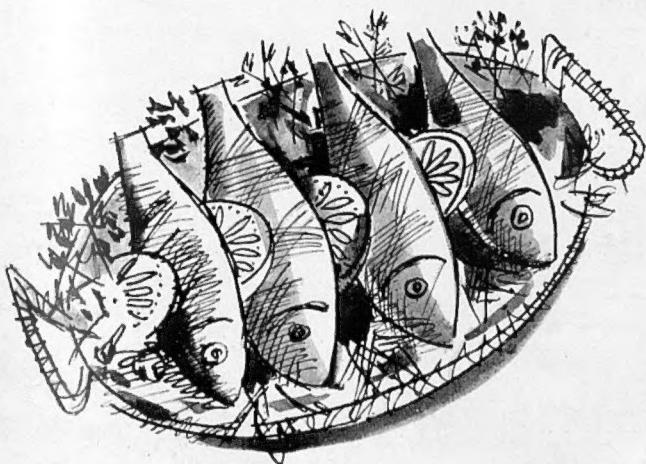
Failing sea bream, I suggest codling, fresh haddock or grey mullet (several mullet would be required).

For me, the quicker way—grilling—is more than adequate. Have the fish boned and skinned (the skin may be left on since the fillets are grilled on one side only).

Melt an ounce or so of butter in the grill pan. Place the fillets, flesh side down, in it and turn them immediately so that both sides are plentifully coated with the butter. Sprinkle with salt, freshly milled pepper and a little flour. Halve several tomatoes, dip their cut surfaces in the butter, then turn them too. Place also in the pan a medium-sized mushroom per person, gills upwards. Add a few drops of water and a tiny nut of butter to each. Between these items, sprinkle a finely-chopped small-to-medium onion, then place under the grill to cook, without turning the fish or vegetables.

I prefer to do all this in a large shallow fireproof earthenware dish and take it straight to table, having poured over the cooked fish an ounce of butter melted in two tablespoons of boiling water.

Fillets of cod, fresh haddock or hake are almost as good, served in the same way.



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3. THE PLANETS
4. MARS
5. THE ORIGIN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM
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